THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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INSPECTOR, No. IV.

Behold the ways
Of Heav'n's eternal deſtiny to man!
For ever juſt, benevolent, and wiſe.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS you gave me the hint of the ſubject on which the following verſes are written, it is but juſt that I ſubmit them to your peruſal and diſpoſal. When I ſaw the poem on the ſame ſubject ſo well finiſhed, by Lavinia, I reſolved to relinquiſh my intention, which nothing but your repeated requeſts could have determined me to reſume. I am ſenſible, that after the admirable "Shipwreck" of Falconer, it is in vain to endeavour to produce any thing of the kind new; but at the ſame time, no one will deny, that the late melancholy circumſtance which occaſioned this, calls for the nobleſt efforts of the muſe, to awake the tender feelings of the heart, and cauſe it to ſympathize with the diſtreſſes of others.

I am, your ſincere friend,
TOM WANDERER.

On the Loſs of the Ship, the Earl of Abergavenny.

I ſing the horrors of the ſtormy wave,
Where wand'ring wretches often find a grave.

Almighty Pow'r! who rul'ſt the raging ſea!
Whom ocean, tempeſt, winds, and waves obey!
Inſpire my fault'ring tongue, whilſt I relate,
How thou doſt time's deſtructions antedate;

And oft with means, by men not underſtood,
And dreadful cauſes, workeſt unknown good!

From Abergavenny his title claim'd
An earl, and from that earl a ſhip was nam'd,
Whoſe cargo, from the Eaſtern Indies bore,
Was ſafely landed on fair Albion's ſhore.
Now, with ſucceſs elate, th' advent'rous crew
Again prepare their voyage to purſue;
Again they brave the dangers of the main,
Proviſion for their wives and babes to gain;
While others ſeek the diſtant Indian ſtrand
With different views—an armed, hoſtile band—
To guard the ſons of commerce, and proteſt the land.
Nor theſe are all; ſome ſons of China come,
Whom hope of gain lur'd from their native home:
Already, in idea, to their eyes
China's high tow'rs, and ſtately moſques ariſe.

The veſſel laded, and the northern gale
Propitious, they unfurl the ſwelling ſail;
And with four ſhips, which the ſame courſe purſue,
And one to guard their freight, bid Britain's ſhore adieu.
While in the ſails the gentle zephyrs play,
The ſtately veſſels cut their wat'ry way;
But ſcarce th' horizon by the heav'ns was bound,
And wide extended waters roll'd around,
When ſhifting, with oppoſing force the wind
The Abergav'nny from the reſt diſjoin'd.

Not diſtant far where Weymouth's tow'rs ariſe,
With ſeas o'erſpread, a treach'rous ſand-bank lies,
And intervening rocks; the Shambles nam'd;
For many a dreadful, mighty ſhipwreck fam'd.
Here, by the force combin'd of wind and ſea,
The ſhip was driv'n; th' unhappy crew ſurvey
The rocks, and hear the tempeſt roaring round;
When lo! by fate upheld, with thund'ring ſound,
Comes a broad ſurge, and on the pointed rock
Daſhes the veſſel with a horrid ſhock!

Now night in black tremendous garb array'd,
O'er the broad ocean caſt a diſmal ſhade.

Here would my verſe in dreadful pomp impart
A ſcene of woe that thrill's the hardeſt heart!
That rouſes every feeling of the ſoul!
O might the numbers like the billows roll!

But

But can the muſe untaught in Neptune's art,
With ſuch relations intereſt the heart?
Can ſhe in ſong mechanic terms define?
No, the muſe muſt the arduous taſk reſign.
Suffice it that the mournful numbers tell,
This ſhip the horrors of a wreck befell.
Now as th' unhappy wretches fate draws nigh,
The dread of death appears in ev'ry eye;
With ſuppliant looks implore a gracious God
To waft their ſpirit to the bleſt abode.
Yet ſtriving ſtill to puſh life to the laſt,
Some climbing up the ropes aſcend the maſt;
Others on fragments of the wreck deſcend,
Tug at the oar, and ev'ry ſinew bend.
What were thy feelings, gallant Wordſworth, then?
Not for thyſelf thou griev'd but for thy men,
Who ſtrew'd in numbers o'er the faithleſs wave,
Gaſp, die, and ſink into their wat'ry grave!
At once the hero's, and the Chriſtian's mind
Thy conduct proves, when to thy fate reſign'd,
Calmly thou ſaid'ſt, " th' Almighty's will be done:"
Death beſt declares the race thro' life how run.

The ruins long the winds and waves ſuſtain'd,
'Till o'er the pow'rs of art the waters gain'd,
With ſudden ſwell, pil'd up in dreadful height,
A billow rolls—ſhe ſinks beneath its weight!
Yet her tall maſts ſtill on the waves ariſe;
The cluſt'ring ſeamen look with fearful eyes
Down on the wreck below; for life they cling;
That life preſerv'd, O muſe! ariſe and ſing.

Before this dreadful criſis had arriv'd,
While in their breaſts a gleam of hope ſurviv'd,
They with the loud reſounding cannon's roar,
Alarm'd the natives on the neighb'ring ſhore.
Rous'd by the thund'ring ſignal from afar,
To their aſſiſtance came a ſloop of war;
Reſcued the few who ſtill the maſt maintain'd,
Or floating pieces of the wreck ſuſtain'd.

A gen'rous youth who juſt the ſloop had reach'd,
And to the ſaving rope his hand outſtretch'd,
Not diſtant ſaw extended on the wave
A female paſſenger—and O too brave!
Again he plunges, ſkims along the ſea,
Holds in his arms, and bears the fair away;
Alas! in vain—a wave rolls o'er his head;
He ſinks—ſhe follows to the manſions of the dead.

The tragic ſcene thus clos'd: the veſſel boré
The thankful remnant who ſurviv'd, aſhore.

ANECDOTES *of* ELEANOR GWYNNE.

[From Duncombe's Hiſtory of Herefordſhire.]

PIPEWELL-STREET, in the city of Hereford, now abbreviated into Pipe-lane, gave birth to Mrs. Eleanour Gwynne, the favourite of Charles II. The memoirs of a courtezan cannot generally be ſuppoſed favourable to the cauſe of morality and virtue; but this inſtance, exhibiting the ſtrange viciſſitudes of human life; the oppoſite qualities which may prevail in the ſame character; and the ſerious impreſſions which ariſe in the mind, even after the moſt uninterrupted courſe of diſſipation, may poſſibly add ſomewhat to our knowledge of human nature, and induce ſerious and uſeful reflections.

By one of the various tranſitions which remove individuals of every claſs from one place to another, Nell Gwynne, from her humble cottage in Pipe-lane, became an inhabitant of the great metropolis; here ſhe entered into the ſervice of one of the fruiterers who attended the play-houſes; and this was the character in which ſhe firſt appeared in the lobby of Drury-lane. Agreeable in her perſon, and poſſeſſed of much natural humour and vivacity, ſhe ſoon attracted the notice and affections of the manager, Mr. Hart; and, thus gifted, he introduced her on the ſtage about the year 1667. In this ſituation ſhe became a great favourite of Dryden's, who gave her the moſt ſhewy and alluring parts in his comedies, and wrote ſeveral prologues and epilogues expreſsly for her: of theſe ſhe was the beſt ſpeaker of her time; and in an epilogue to Tyrannic Love, ſhe expreſſed her preference to comedy in theſe words—

——" I die
" Out of my calling in a tragedy."

The immediate cauſe of her becoming the object of the king's affection is thus repreſented. At the duke's theatre, under Killigrew's patent, the celebrated Nokes appeared in a hat larger than that uſually aſſigned to Piſtol, which diverted the audience ſo much as to help off a bad play. Dryden, in return, cauſed a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, and made Mrs. Gwynne ſpeak an epilogue under the umbrella of it, with the brim ſtretched out in its utmoſt horizontal extenſion, not unlike a muſhroom of that ſize. No ſooner did ſhe appear in this ſtrange dreſs, than the houſe was in convulſions of laughter. Amongſt the reſt, the king gave her the fulleſt proof of approbation,

approbation, by going behind the ſcenes after the play, and taking her home in his own coach to ſup with him. After this elevation ſhe ſtill continued on the ſtage, and ſhewed great powers in exhibiting the airy, fantaſtic, and ſprightly effuſions of the comic muſe. At this period (A. D. 1670) ſhe was delivered of a ſon, who was afterwards created duke of St. Albans; and her grandſon attained the honours of prelacy, and became the proprietor of that very epiſcopal palace which almoſt adjoined the humble cot where his maternal anceſtor firſt drew breath.

As miſtreſs to the king, Mrs. Gwynne betrayed neither avarice, pride, nor oſtentation; ſhe remembered all her theatrical friends, and rendered them ſervices, generouſly diſcharging her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and proving a warm patroneſs to Otway and Lee. Dr. Burnet, biſhop of Sarum, mentions that the duke of Buckingham told him, when Nell was firſt brought to the king, ſhe aſked a ſettlement of 500l. per annum, which Charles refuſed to allow; but the ſame author adds, from the ſame authority, that four years after, the king had laviſhed on her no leſs than 60,000l. Nor was this immenſe ſum merely diſſipated in uſeleſs purpoſes; ſhe was moſt munificent in her charities; and the ſingle act of inſtigating the king to erect Chelſea Hoſpital, as an aſylum for diſabled ſoldiers, muſt entitle her memory to no inconſiderable reſpect. The ground on which it ſtands is generally admitted to have been given by Nell, as an encouragement to the deſign. A public-houſe in the vicinity of the hoſpital, and frequented by its tenants, ſtill exhibits a rude repreſentation of her head: and one of the firſt remembrances, uſually called toaſts, which is drank after their dinner, acknowledges their gratitude to their patroneſs, Nell Gwynne.

When ſhe became firſt connected with the king, that gay monarch was already ſurrounded by miſtreſſes: Mad. de Queroualle, who was created ducheſs of Portſmouth, the ducheſs of Plymouth, Lady Cleveland, Lady Barbara Villiers, Miſs Davis, and a long train of others, were avowedly of that deſcription; but their conduct was unreſtrained, whilſt Mrs. Gwynne acquired particular credit for her fidelity to the king. In proof alſo of her ſenſe and judgment, ſhe would never become the "tool of working politicians," nor interfere in matters of ſerious moment. With ſuch qualifications ſhe became a great favourite with the people, as well as with the monarch. An eminent goldſmith, who died in London, about forty years ſince, at an advanced age, had been often heard to relate, that when he was an apprentice, his maſter made a moſt expenſive ſervice of plate, as a preſent from the king to the ducheſs of Portſmouth; that a great concourſe of people uſed to crowd the ſhop, in order to gratify their curioſity, and throw out curſes againſt the ducheſs, but that all were unanimous in wiſhing the preſent had been for Mrs. Gwynne.

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The ſprightlineſs of her temper was a conſtant ſource of amuſement to the king; the late Lord Vere, (afterwards duke of St. Albans, who was her deſcendant) uſed to relate, that on every 30th of January, during the reign of the Stuarts, the court, and a great part of the nation, accuſtomed themſelves to deep mourning; but that his grandmother (Mrs. Gwynne) dreſſed up his father, when a boy, in the gayeſt and moſt tawdry dreſs ſhe could find, and ſent him on that day to the drawing-room on ſome frivolous meſſage to the king, who, when he ſaw him, exclaimed, "Get along, you little baſtard, what do you come here for in that dreſs!" She was not only humourous and witty, but had a fine underſtanding, and poſſeſſed the talents neceſſary to enliven converſation in an eminent degree. Her place was generally kept at table with the king, Lords Rocheſter, Shafteſbury, &c. until the bounds of decency were exceeded, when ſhe never failed to retire. Biſhop Burnet deſcribes her as the wildeſt and moſt indiſcreet creature that was ever in a court, but admits that ſhe continued in great favour with the king as long as he lived.

Madame Sevigne, in one of her letters, mentions that the king's partiality towards Mrs. Gwynne, excited much jealouſy in the ducheſs of Portſmouth, which was heightened by inſults and grimaces on the part of her rival; ſhe alſo deſcribes Mrs. Gwynne as young, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour; ſinging, dancing, and acting her part with grace. Her country reſidence, as it might then with propriety be termed, was at Bagnigge-Wells, where a buſt of her ſtill remains: her town-houſe was on the ſouth ſide of St. James's ſquare, (then Pall-mall), and near the ſouth-eaſt angle of it: the ſides of the back room were, within memory, entirely covered with looking-glaſs, and it is ſuppoſed that the cieling was once ſimilarly ornamented. Over the chimney was her picture by Sir Peter Lely, from which an elegant engraving is given in Compte Grammonti's memoirs. It has been ſaid that this houſe was purchaſed by her after the king's death; but the peculiarly expenſive ſtile of its decorations, and other circumſtances, favour the idea that ſhe here often entertained her royal paramour. Her ſtature was ſhort, her hair inclined to red; her eyes were ſmall and lively, and ſhe poſſeſſed what the French term *en bon point*; her feet were of the moſt diminutive ſize, and as ſuch were the ſubject of frequent mirth to the merry monarch: ſhe lived long enough to ſee, and doubtleſs to lament, the decline of that family, which had promoted her to favour and to fortune. In the year 1691, ſhe died in her town-houſe, already deſcribed, and was interred with great ſolemnity in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields. Dr. Tenniſon, then vicar of the pariſh, and afterwards archbiſhop of Canterbury, preached a funeral ſermon on the occaſion, and adduced ſatisfactory evidence that ſhe died a ſin-

cere and contrite Chriſtian. Such was Nell Gwynne; her failings muſt be admitted by all; but the moſt rigid moraliſt cannot withhold from her the credit of many good and amiable qualities.

Deſcription of the Manner in which his Majeſty's Birth-Day was celebrated at Exeter, on Tueſday, the 4th Day of June, 1805.

THE morning was uſhered in by the ringing of bells, and joy beamed upon every countenance. At eleven o'clock the ſoldiers which form the garriſon in this city, paraded in full dreſs regimentals, with their colours and field pieces, in the church-yard. They conſiſted of the fifth regiment of dragoon guards (on foot) commanded by ——. The North Devon militia, commanded by Lord Boringdon. The city volunteer cavalry, commanded by Captain Trewman. The Worceſter militia, commanded by Colonel Maxwell; and the Exeter volunteers, commanded by Major Corniſh, excluſive of the different companies of artillery. The whole number of men was about 4000. Each regiment was attended by its band, which performed the popular airs of Britons ſtrike home, Rule Britannia, God ſave the king, &c. &c. The troops were decorated with laurel, and the towers of the different churches with flags, flowers, green buſhes, &c. &c. and upon the tops of each crowds of people huzzaing to the troops as they paſſed. From the church-yard, the military, preceded by their bands of muſic, marched to the Hane-banks, on the ſide of the Exe, where they drew up in one long line, which muſt have extended conſiderably more than a quarter of a mile. The view of ſuch a large body of fine fellows, from the Friars, was grand and beautiful—the banks of the river on each ſide were covered with thouſands of ſpectators; and the ſhips in the harbour, decorated with the colours of different nations, were crowded to the tip of the maſts. On the higheſt eminence of Friernhay (viz. on the ſpot before Colleton Creſcent) were placed twelve pieces of cannon. The firſt ſignal cannon was fired from the right flank at a quarter before one, which was anſwered by thoſe on Friernhay, by thoſe which were attached to the Powderham volunteers, commanded by Lord Courtenay, (who were drawn up at the Belvidere in full view of the Friars) and by the cannon on Haldon, which accompanied the volunteers from Teignmouth, Newton-Abbott, Aſhburton, &c. &c. who had formed on the brow of the hill, and though at ſuch a diſtance were clearly perceptible from the Friars. Every thing being thus ready, the cannon on the right wing commenced firing; next the dragoons; then the

Worceſter;

Worceſter; next the Exon volunteers; the North Devon; the city horſe; then the cannon on Friernhay; the ſhips in the harbour; the troops from Powderham; and laſtly, thoſe on Haldon. The different regiments fired ſeparately one volley each, and the cannon one round. The beauty and grandeur of this ſcene were very great. The troops on Haldon and Powderham had a beautiful appearance, and to hear the different bands between every volley playing God ſave the king, and the troops cheering with three times three, interſperſed with ſuch tremendous peals of thunder from the cannon on the hill, muſt have been truly grateful to every loyal mind. Many of the ſpectators abſolutely ſhed tears of gratitude and joy. Each regiment fired three rounds in the order before ſtated, after which the four bands, accompanied by the muſic of the ſhips in the river, and a full chorus from at leaſt ten thouſand voices, ſtruck up "God ſave the king," and another diſcharge from the cannon concluded this beautiful military ſpectacle. The regiments then marched to their private parades in the order they arrived. The colours of the different regiments diſplayed to the ſun, the immenſe moving column of ſoldiers, the different bands of muſic acroſs the water, the huzzas from the populace, the river covered with boats filled with ladies in white; and its banks lined with ſuch immenſe crowds of people, produced a *tout enſemble* which is impoſſible to be deſcribed. Not an accident occurred to damp the pleaſures of this ſcene, with which every individual appeared enraptured. The reſt of the day was ſpent in convivial parties; and in the evening a moſt elegant ball was given by the military at the Hotel, which was very numerouſly attended. Fire-works, and a few partial illuminations of the public buildings in the city, were diſplayed in the evening. The meſs-room of every regiment was very fully attended, but the ball in the evening prevented moſt of the officers from getting ſo "princely drunk," as is in general cuſtomary upon theſe occaſions, which was a means of maintaining good order and propriety to the laſt, nor have we heard of an inſtance to the contrary. The whole went off with great eclat, and there was no one, who upon laying down in his bed in the evening could refrain from ſaying, "God bleſs the king! may he live to ſee many happy returns of this glorious and auſpicious day! And may his ſubjects long continue to teſtify their ſenſe of their happy ſituation, by obſerving it in an equally loyal manner!"

DESCRIPTION *of* KENTON, DEVON.

[From Mr. Woolmer's Account of Exeter, and its Neighbourhood, juſt publiſhed.]

NEAR Powderham is the town of Kenton, where there is a neat church, and ſome curious monuments. The church is ſituated near the middle of the pariſh, in Kenton town, and in

the rectory-manor. It is a fine Gothic ſtructure, built with red Exminſter ſtone, and covered with ſlate. The walls of the church, which are battlemented, are ſtrengthened by buttreſſes, and two handſome turrets—one turret nearly at the weſt-end of the north wall; the other nearly at the eaſt-end of the ſouth-wall. At the church-porch (over which is an elegant nich and curious fretwork) is a large baſon for holy water. The tower, 100 feet high, (built alſo of the red ſtone from the Kenne or Exminſter quarries) has been much admired for its elegant lightneſs; gradually leſſening as it riſes, and carrying the eye to its battlements and four pinnacles; in the latter of which are little niches, with images remaining in them entire.

On the north-wall of the north aiſle, upon a wooden tablet, in letters of gold, is this inſcription:

" In obitum Elizabethæ: Petri Atwill generoſi, uxoris gravidæ quæ intra primum matrimonii annum hiſtorico morbo accubuit decimo ſeptio die Novembris anno ſalutis noſtræ 1673."

" Under our mother earth, here lyes the womb,
That of her child was both the fate and tomb;
Though lately made a bride yet ſoon ſhe muſt,
Exchange her nuptial-bed for one of duſt.
Well, king of terrours, now we ſee thy rage,
On infancy and youth as well as age;
If drops of tears the harder hearts wont ſpill
On this ſad hearſe; the ſofter marble will."

In the floor over the ſteps that lead down to the Oxton vault, on Purbeck ſtone, are theſe words:

" Here lyeth the body of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Shilſton Calmady, Kt. late wife of William Martyn, Eſq. the only ſon of Sir Nicholas Martyn, of Oxton, Kt. who departed this life the 26th day of April, A. D. 1695.

" Of whoſe juſt praiſe this is the ſumm
That is engraved on her tombe
Who lived a long vertuous life
A carefull mother, prudent wife,
Now of her huſband's grave poſſeſt
Together lie to take their reſt
Whoſe ſouls in Heaven now are bleſt."

In the church-yard was erected in 1789 a ſmall tomb, with a black marble table, where we read the following epitaph on two infant ſons of the Reverend R. Polwhele:

" Ah, babes! could Heaven in mercy give
Your forms to mortal eye,
But a few moments doom'd to live—
Juſt ſhewn on earth, to die?
Weak man! the vain enquiry ceaſe,
Why Heaven hath call'd them hence:
Pure from the world, they died in peace—
They died in innocence."

Addreſs to the Grand Jury of Bombay, October 12, 1804, *by Sir James Mackintoſh, Recorder.*

GENTLEMEN of the Grand Jury: I heartily congratulate you on the ſmall number of crimes which have occurred in our little community ſince I had laſt the honour of addreſſing you, and of that ſmall number I do not obſerve that there are any reſpecting which you can need that legal information from me, which I ſhall always be ready to communicate.

I might therefore have ſuffered you to proceed to the diſcharge of your duty without farther interruption, if I had not thought it important to the intereſt of humanity, to embrace this opportunity of making public ſome facts, of ſuch a nature, that it ſeemed to me fit to promulgate them in the moſt authentic form, and on the moſt ſolemn occaſion known among us.

When we are aſſembled to adminiſter criminal juſtice, to perform the higheſt and moſt invidious, though moſt neceſſary functions of political authority, it is conſolatory to reflect, and it cannot be unbecoming to obſerve, that the more pleaſing duties of bounty and charity have not been forgotten, and that the Britiſh government of this territory is as forward to relieve the miſeries as to puniſh the crimes of its ſubjects.

You muſt already have perceived, that I am about to ſpeak of the ſucceſsful exertions which have been made to avert the calamities of famine from our own dominions, and to alleviate the ſufferings of thoſe wretched emigrants who have ſought refuge among us from the famine which has laid waſte the neighbouring continent.

What the cauſes are which in all ages ſeem to have rendered famine ſo frequent and ſo peculiarly ſevere in India, is a queſtion of great curioſity, and, indeed, of great practical importance, but not very fit to be examined in this place, and to which I have not yet the means of giving a ſatisfactory anſwer. One general obſervation, however, I will venture to make. The ſame unfortunate ſtate of things exiſted among our anceſtors in Europe four or five centuries ago. The ſame unfavourable ſeaſons which now only produce ſcarcity, then almoſt uniformly produced famine. Various cauſes have doubtleſs contributed to

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the great and happy change which has ſince taken place, all of them connected with the progreſs of European nations in the arts, inſtitutions, and manners of civilized life, but the principal cauſe is, beyond all doubt, commerce; for only one of two expedients againſt dearth can be imagined; either we muſt conſume leſs food or we muſt procure more; and, in general, both muſt be combined—we muſt have recourſe both to retrenchment and to importation. Both theſe purpoſes are effected by commerce. The home trade in grain reduces conſumption, and this it does by that very operation of enhancing its price, which excites ſo much clamour among the vulgar of all ranks; and the foreign trade in grain makes the abundance of one country ſupply the wants of another. Thus famine is baniſhed from what may properly be called the commercial world.—So powerful and ſo beneficial are the energies of that great civilizing principle of commerce, which, counteracted as it every where is by the ſtupid prejudices of the people, and by the abſurd and miſchievous interference of governments, has yet accompliſhed ſo great a revolution in the condition of ſo large a part of mankind, as totally to exempt them from the dread of the greateſt calamity which afflicted their anceſtors. Whether commerce could effect ſo great a change in India, I ſhall not undertake to determine. Perhaps there are phyſical difficulties which are inſuperable, and others ariſing from the condition and habits of the people which would be extremely difficult to overcome. Theſe certainly are circumſtances which muſt diminiſh and retard ſuch a beneficial change.

But to return from generalities, in which I ought not, perhaps, to have dwelt ſo long.—You are well aware, that, from a partial failure of the periodical rains in 1802, and from a more complete failure in 1803, a famine has ariſen in the adjoining provinces of India, eſpecially in the territories of the Peiſhwa, which I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe, and which, I believe, no man can truly repreſent to the European public, without the hazard of being charged with extravagant and incredible fiction. Some of you have ſeen its ravages; all of you have heard accounts of them from accurate obſervers. I have only ſeen the fugitives who have fled before it, and who have found an aſylum in this iſland. But even I have ſeen enough to be convinced, that it is difficult to overcharge a picture of Indian deſolation.

I ſhall now ſtate to you, from authentic documents, what has been done to ſave theſe territories from the miſerable condition of the neighbouring country. From the 1ſt of September, 1803, to the preſent time, there have been imported or purchaſed by government 414,000 bags of rice, and there remain 180,000 bags contracted for, which are yet to arrive, forming an aggregate of nearly 600,000 bags, and amounting to the va-

lue of fifty lacks of rupees, or ſix hundred thouſand pounds ſterling. During the ſame time there have been imported by private merchants 408,000 bags of rice, making in all an importation of a million of bags, and amounting in value to one million pounds ſterling.

The effects of this importation on the population of our own territories, it is not very difficult to eſtimate. The population of the iſlands of Bombay, Salſette, and Caranja, and of the city of Surat, I deſignedly under-eſtimate at 400,000. I am entitled to preſume, that if they had continued ſubject to native governments, they would have ſhared the fate of the neighbouring provinces which ſtill are ſo ſubject. I ſhall not be ſuſpected of any tendency towards exaggeration by any man who is acquainted with the ſtate of the oppoſite continent, when I ſay, that in ſuch a caſe an eighth of that population muſt have periſhed. Fifty thouſand human beings have, therefore, been ſaved from death in its moſt miſerable form by the exiſtence of a Britiſh government in this iſland. I conceive myſelf entitled to take credit for the whole benefits of the importation, for that which was imported by private merchants as well as for that which was directly imported by the government, becauſe, without the protection and ſecurity enjoyed under a Britiſh government, that commercial capital and credit would not have exiſted by which the private importation was effected.

The next particular which I have to ſtate, relates to thoſe unhappy refugees who have found their way into our territory. From the month of March to the preſent time, ſuch of them as could labour have been employed in uſeful public works, and have been fed by government. The monthly average of theſe perſons, ſince March, is 9125 in Bombay, 3162 in Salſette, and in Surat a conſiderable number; though from that city I have ſeen no exact returns.

But many of theſe miſerable beings are on their arrival here wholly unable to earn their ſubſiſtence by any, even the moſt moderate, labour. They expire in the road before they can be diſcovered by the agents of our charity. They expire in the very act of being carried to the place where they are to receive relief. To obviate, or, at leaſt, to mitigate theſe dreadful evils, a humane hoſpital was eſtabliſhed by government for the relief of thoſe emigrants who were unable to labour. The monthly average of thoſe who have been received ſince March into this hoſpital, is 1030 in Bombay, about 100 in Salſette, and probably 300 at Surat.

I myſelf viſited this hoſpital, in company with my excellent friend Dr. Scott, and I witneſſed a ſcene of which the impreſſion will never be effaced from my mind. The average monthly mortality of the eſtabliſhment is dreadful; it amounts to 480. At firſt ſight this would ſeem to argue ſome monſtrous defects in the

the plan or management of the inſtitution. And if there were great defects in ſo new an eſtabliſhment, haſtily provided againſt ſo unexampled an evil, thoſe who are accuſtomed to make due allowance for human frailty would find more to lament than to blame in ſuch defects. But when it is conſidered that almoſt all theſe deaths occur in the firſt four or five days after admiſſion, and that ſcarcely any diſeaſe has been obſerved among the patients but the direct effects of famine, we ſhall probably view the mortality as a proof of the deplorable ſtate of the patients, rather than of any defects in the hoſpital; and inſtead of making the hoſpital anſwerable for the deaths, we ſhall deem it entitled to credit for the life of every ſingle ſurvivor.

Thoſe who know me, will need no aſſurances that I have not made theſe obſervations from a motive ſo unworthy of my ſtation and my character, as that of paying court to any government. I am actuated by far other motives. I believe that knowledge on ſubjects ſo important cannot be too widely promulgated. I believe, if every government on earth were bound to give an annual account, before an audience whom they reſpected, and who knew the facts, of what they had done during the year for improving the condition of their ſubjects, that this ſingle and apparently ſlight circumſtance would better the ſituation of all mankind; and I am deſirous, if any Britiſh government in India ſhould ever, in ſimilar calamitous circumſtances, forget its moſt important and ſacred duties, that this example ſhould be recorded for their reproach and diſgrace.

Upon the whole, I am ſure that I conſiderably underſtate the fact in ſaying, that the Britiſh government in this iſland has ſaved the lives of one hundred thouſand perſons, and, what is more important, that it has prevented the greater part of the miſery through which they muſt have paſſed before they found refuge in death, beſides the miſery of all thoſe who loved them, or who depended upon their care.

The exiſtence, therefore, of a Britiſh government in Bombay, in 1804, has been a bleſſing to its ſubjects. Would to God, that every government of the world could with truth make a ſimilar declaration!

Many of you have been, and many will be entruſted with authority over multitudes of your fellow-creatures. Your means of doing good will not indeed be ſo great as thoſe of which I have now deſcribed to you the employment and the effect. But they will be conſiderable. Let me hope that every one of you will be ambitious to be able to ſay to your own conſcience, I have done ſomething to better the condition of the people entruſted to my care. I take the liberty to aſſure you, that you will not find ſuch reflections among the leaſt agreeable

or

or valuable part of that ſtore which you lay up for your declining years.

On TEMPERANCE *in* FOOD.

By the late Rev. Mr. Graves.

IT has been obſerved, that all other animals beſides man are contented with one ſpecies of food; fleſh, fiſh, or fowl, or vegetables, and never encroach on that of a different ſpecies.

The lion, though inveſted with ſovereign power, and living in regal ſtyle, is content with the leg of a calf, or the haunch of a ſtag; never thinks of a ſecond courſe, or of a deſert, or even of a ſauce, cauliflower, or a carrot, pickled cucumber, or the like.

The eagle alſo, king of the birds, feaſts himſelf and the royal family, the young princes, and the infanta, on a brace of pheaſants, a turkey, or a dozen pigeons; but would not debaſe himſelf by ſtooping to a neſt of larks or robin-red breaſts for a ſecond courſe.

But man, as lord of the creation, by his prerogative, falls foul on whatever comes in his way, and ranſacks the univerſe to gratify his voracious appetite: the fowls of the air, the fiſhes of the ſea, the beaſts of the foreſt, with vegetables of every genus and every ſpecies; not only "herbs, which were intended for the uſe of man," but roots which ſeem reſerved for the food and the ſnouts of hogs; nay, even the excreſcences of nature, muſhrooms, and truffles, indigeſtible ſubſtances! which if they were ever intended to be eaten, it muſt probably have been by the inhabitants of the infernal regions.

If temperance, however, regulated our uſe of theſe various articles of food with which providence indulges us; if we killed the animals without cruelty, and cooked them with plainneſs and ſimplicity, they might be what providence intended them, inſtead of what we too often make them, a bleſſing and not a curſe. But when we torture them in taking away their lives, as we often do, and ſcarify and carbonade, and be-devil their fleſh, not only with pepper and ſalt, as we do the gizzard of a turkey, but adding a little nutmeg, a little cinnamon, a blade of mace, with chalot and onions, &c. and eat it with oil, vinegar, and muſtard; ſuch an heterogeneous mixture, inſtead of producing a lacteous chyle, flowing through the alimentary canal, like the gentle ſtream of Arno, muſt become a cauſtic fluid, ruſhing like the fiery torrent of Veſuvius, harrowing up and tearing the veſſels; or at leaſt generate fever, calentures, and every diſeaſe incident to the human body.

Teſtimony

Teſtimony of Reſpect to the Memory of the late Rev. James Wilkinſon, a Clergyman of Yorkſhire.

THIS exemplary character died, at his native ſeat, near Boroughbridge, in the 75th year of his age, after a long and ſevere illneſs, which he bore with exemplary Chriſtian fortitude, and which terminated ſuddenly, as he was cheerfully converſing at table with his friends. The Rev. James Wilkinſon was vicar of Sheffield, prebendary of Ripon, and one of his majeſty's juſtices of the peace for the weſt and north ridings of the county of York. He was the fourth and laſt ſurviving of ſeven ſons of Andrew Wilkinſon, of Boroughbridge, Eſq. M. P. and of Barbara, eldeſt daughter of William Jeſſop, of Broomhall, Eſq. M. P. and alſo one of his majeſty's judges of Cheſter, by the Hon. Mary Jeſſop, eldeſt daughter and heireſs of James Darcy, of Sedbury, in the county of York, Eſq. afterwards created Baron Darcy, of Navan, in the kingdom of Ireland, which title, being limited to the male heirs of the ſaid Mary, became extinct by the death, without iſſue, of James Lord Darcy, her only ſon, and the maternal uncle of Mr. Wilkinſon.

After receiving the advantage of a moſt excellent claſſical education under Mr. Clark, of Beverly ſchool, he removed to Clare Hall, in Cambridge, and was admitted to the degree of A. B. in the year 1752, and proceeded A. M. in 1754. He never married. The vicarage of Sheffield, which was alternately the gift of Mr. Wilkinſon's father, and of the Gells, of Hopton, by right of the marriage of John Gell, (grand-father to the preſent Philip Gell, of Hopton, Eſq.) with Iſabella, another of the judge's daughters, and which became vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Doſſie, in December, 1753, was reſerved for Mr. Wilkinſon 'till he was of ſufficient age to take it, in Auguſt, 1754.

To attempt to give merely a ſketch or outline of ſo great a character as the late Mr. Wilkinſon, might, to thoſe who were beſt acquainted with him, appear an act of great temerity and preſumption. The common language uſed by relatives and others, to convey their ideas to the world, of the virtues or excellencies of their deceaſed friends, would certainly, on this melancholy occaſion, be every way inadequate to the purpoſe. The pencil of a ſuperior maſter would be required to give even an imperfect delineation of ſuch tranſcendant merit as attached to him, who might juſtly be called the father of the town of Sheffield and its neighbourhood; whoſe every hour, almoſt, for half a century paſt, has been anxiouſly employed, with a ſolicitude and ability almoſt unparalleled, to promote the temporal and eternal happineſs of every being within the ſphere of his action.

Whether

Whether we regard him as a divine, labouring by his example, as well as precept, to inculcate the grand and ſacred truth of revealed religion, which involves and implicates every conſideration on which our future happineſs depends; or, as a magiſtrate, executing thoſe laws of his country, which were framed by the legiſlature for the protection of every thing valuable in ſociety, with a moſt patient attention to every minute particular, from every perſon, but moſt particularly from the poor, the ignorant, and unprotected, to enable him to adminiſter juſtice with the moſt ſcrupulous impartiality, but, at the ſame time, to blend it with mercy whenever it was in his power:—Whether we conſider him as a friend, ever ready with his purſe, as well as with his advice or intereſt, to do any good or generous act; or as a great public character, commanding reſpect by a dignity in perſon and manners rarely to be met with, who was deſervedly looked up to and conſulted upon every occaſion, whether for the relief of the poor, the defence of his country, the protection of every uſeful inſtitution, the encouragement of merit in any ſituation, or of any plan calculated in any way to improve or benefit ſociety in general, but more particularly the town and neighbourhood of Sheffield:—Whether we contemplate him in any or all of the above points of view, there will be abundant reaſon to admire the excellence of his underſtanding, the integrity of his conduct, and the zeal which he diſplayed in accompliſhing all his purpoſes.

After having ſaid thus much, it may appear needleſs to add, how greatly the world will deplore the loſs of a man, who was certainly one of the brighteſt ornaments of human nature. To ſhew the deep ſenſe of the obligations the inhabitants of ſo reſpectable and populous a town as Sheffield thought themſelves under to ſo good a man and upright a magiſtrate, the maſter of the cutlers' company, in compliance with the general wiſh, iſſued the following advertiſement:

Public Mourning for the late Mr. Wilkinſon.

" It having been ſuggeſted to me by a number of very reſpectable characters, that there would be great propriety in the inhabitants of the town and immediate neighbourhood of Sheffield appearing in mourning, on one Sunday, after the interment of their late moſt revered and reſpected vicar and magiſtrate, the Rev. James Wilkinſon, to teſtify their deep ſorrow for the loſs of ſo truly good and valuable a member of the community,—

Notice is hereby given,

That it is moſt reſpectfully requeſted, that all thoſe to whom it may be convenient, would appear in mourning as aforeſaid, on Sunday the 3d of February next.

" WILLIAM NICHOLSON, Maſter Cutler.

January 23, 1805.

HINTS *concerning* DAIRIES, *from the Cheſhire Practice.*

HOURS of milking, in the ſummer, at ſix morning and evening [the morning hour ſurely too late]; one woman manages ten cows. The farmer himſelf attends the milking, aſſiſts in carrying the milk, and obſerves particularly that the cows are well dripped, or the udder perfectly cleared of milk; for ſhould any be left, it would not only be the richeſt of the milk, "each ſucceeding drop which a cow gives at a meal, excelling the preceding one in richneſs," but ſuch negligence has the effect of cauſing a cow to become gradually dry.

For the milk-houſe, a northern aſpect is preferred; and it is deſirable that it be ſo ſheltered by buildings or trees, as to divert the ſun's rays throughout the whole day. An uniform temperature of the air within ought to be preſerved the year round. In winter, a Buzaglo ſtove would beſt effect this. In ſummer, the end will be attained by pouring ſpring water on the floor; and water ſhould ever be at hand in a dairy. The expeditious cooling of the milk, in ſummer, has conſiderable effect in retarding its acidity.

Quantity of cheeſe made from one cow, in the ſeaſon, of twenty-two weeks from April or May, about 300 to 500lbs. and upwards. The former quantity accounted a good average for a dairy, accidents included. One gallon of milk makes one pound of cheeſe; and the dairy-men are better ſatisfied with a cow which gives only eight quarts per day through the ſeaſon, than with that which has a greater flow; in which caſe it is proved, the milk is thinner, and leſs productive of goods, and the cow liable to go earlier dry. The object of the dairies, in the choice of cows, is to obtain ſuch as will produce the largeſt quantity of *goods*, that is cheeſe or butter, and of beef.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

IT is the height of faſhion to have a white embroidered robe, lined with roſe colour. In a *galant* undreſs, ſome ladies wear fleſh-coloured ſtockings and ſhoes. White gowns, embroidered in colours, are not very numerous, though conſidered elegant, which proceeds undoubtedly from their being too dear. Some muſlin ſhawls are ſeen of reddiſh, lapis, and apple-green tints, but without embroiderings at the corners, and even without borders. During the cold weather the faſhionable novelties were confined to head-dreſſes. The late moderate days have produced ornamented neck-handkerchiefs, with long points, croſſed and tied behind, and forming a faſh at the waiſt; ſome pechal mamelukes, with plaited trimmings, and without trimmings, have been ſeen.

Anſwer, by J. C. Jun. of St. Dominic, to J. Channon's Charade, inſerted April 8.

THE window taxes are ſo hard,
A SKY-LIGHT I can ſcarce afford.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole; W. Tucker, of Tilſhead ſchool; G. Hann, jun of Stoke Abbot; Adrianus; T. Wotton, of Newton Buſhel; T. Kite, of Stockland; T. Gill, officer of exciſe near Wells; T. Adey, and J. B. B. of Poole; W. Lawrence, and J. Martin, of St. Agnes; W. Gard, of Gittiſham; and Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers.

Anſwer, by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot, to T. Jarvis's Charade, inſerted the 8th of April.

HEAVEN bleſs the man, who views the poor,
Oppreſs'd with pain and grief,
And takes them to his PARSONAGE,
To give them ſome relief.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from William Gard, of Gittiſham; Cornubia, of St. Teath; T. Wotton, of Newton Buſhel; Adrianus; J. Martin, of St. Agnes; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; T Adey, J. Lewis, and J. B. B. of Poole; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; and W. Tucker, of Tilſhead ſchool.

Anſwer, by T. Gill, Officer of Exciſe near Wells, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inſerted April 15.

A VIOLIN to ſongſters known,
By the initials plain is ſhown.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Thomas Kite, of Stockland; T. Adey, and J. B. B. of Poole; W. Gard, of Gittiſham; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; and R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole.

A REBUS, *by Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes Volunteers.*

A God of infants firſt declare;
And then a bird that ſoars in air;
The ſon of Aſon next you'll tell:
And then a fruit that I like well;
A liquid laſt you muſt expound:
My whole in war is uſeful found.

A CHARADE, *by J. Gidley, Jun. of Dean Prior.*

ALL hail my firſt! for by its aid
Our ſentiments are quick convey'd
To Sherborne or elſewhere;
Likewiſe it helps the am'rous ſwain
His genuine feelings to explain,
When puzzled by ſome fair.
My ſecond is likewiſe a friend,
And doth to all aſſiſtance lend
When they enjoy a meal;
My whole is with the ſcholar found,
Which you no doubt will ſoon expound,
And ſpeedily reveal.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

BRITISH LOYALTY.

THE following ſtanzas were written ſome time after the SHERBORNE VOLUNTEERS were embodied, and to them they are now moſt reſpectfully dedicated by their devoted ſervant,

B. AYRES.

Sherborne.

O Thou, indulgent muſe! aſſiſt my ſong,
And warmly animate each votive line!
To Britiſh loyalty my lays belong,
To Britiſh fire, and energy divine.

Britannia hail! bright empreſs of the main,
Whom no imperious tyrant can enſlave;
O ye! her ſons, approach her ſacred fane,
And learn, with nobler rage, your foe to brave!

Shall he, ſhall he, with an audacious threat,
Quench the bright flame, to furtheſt Ind extoll'd?
No, Britons, no! your liberty is ſweet,
And but thro' ſeas of blood is to be ſold.

Shall the vile ſlave his tyranny extend?
Deſtroy a free-born nation at a blaſt!
Of equity, thou everlaſting friend,
This edict on Britannia haſt thou paſt?

No, favour'd queen! thy ſons are far too brave,
By far too conſcious of their high deſcent!
What made Cornwallis ſtem the Gallic wave,
'Till the dire ſtorm had all its fury ſpent?

Ah! where are Nelſon, Vincent, Duncan, Howe,
Bridport, and others, of immortal name?
Chiefs that Britannia's awful thunders throw,
And ſtrike th' opponent pow'rs with grief and ſhame.

Ye other patriots! who ſo boldly riſe,
Thro' the whole realm, united to a man—
Has ſuch a glorious ſcene e'er met her eyes,
Since to extend her empire ſhe began?

Invade a nation ſo prepar'd and ſtrong!
Will an ambitious foe ſo wildly dare!
If ſo, my countrymen, to you belong
To fight againſt oppreſſion and deſpair!

Your warrior chiefs, impell'd by regal fire,
Will lead you to the dread, embattled plain:
There, by your means, eternal praiſe acquire,
And bid *your* worth to fartheſt time remain!

Riſe, Britons, riſe! beneath their mild command,
And learn inſulting Frenchmen to deſpiſe!
Riſe, Britons, riſe!—defend your native land,
Whilſt from your eye-balls vengeful lightning flies!

Riſe,

Riſe, Britons, all! and teach th' ignoble foe,
That 'tis your pride to conquer or to die:
Then in the field your reſolution ſhow,
And ſcorn the coward's part—O SCORN TO FLY!

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Epigram on ſome Volunteers of a certain Corps who refuſed to go on Permanent Duty, and were diſcharged.

BRAVE men! why angry at a few
Who'd not the heart to muſter?
'Tis thoſe ſhould be attach'd to you
Who beſt can *fight*, not *bluſter*.

Tho' they poſſeſs'd nor zeal nor ſpirit,
Don't make ſuch fuſs and rout;
If *then* they did not notice merit,
See! *now* they're all *turn'd out!*

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO CONTENT.

TELL me, coy nymph, how long muſt I purſue,
Thy fleeting form, diſconſolate, in vain?
How long my pray'rs, with votive warmth, renew,
Thy heav'nly bleſſings, emulous to gain?

If in the vale, where humble worth retires,
The rural throng receive thy tender care,
May Heav'n extinguiſh all my vain deſires,
And, exil'd from the world, conduct me there!

Whene'er with faſhion's feſtive crew I ſtray,
Reſolv'd the barb of ſorrow to deſtroy,
Tho' faithleſs pleaſure crowns the mirthful way,
Thy abſence checks the ſoul's impetuous joy.

And oft I pant, ſome wild exceſs to find,
And ſpurn the bounds by careful prudence plac'd;
Some novel hope inſpires my ardent mind,
And ſtill alluring—ſtill eludes my haſte.

By ſage experience taught, I rightly ſcan
The emptineſs of ſublunary bliſs;
Tho' man is *fall'n*—yet providence for man
Ordains a brighter reſidence than this.

Cheer'd by the truth, thy beauteous form I greet,
And wiſely ſhun deluſion's fatal maze;
Whilſt fair religion guides my erring feet,
And gilds this deſert earth with heav'nly rays.

COLIN.

MODERN FRIENDSHIP.

MELONS and friends, in theſe our days,
So much alike are found,
That 'tis a ſubject of amaze
If one in fifty's ſound.

Sherborne. B. AYRES.